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JAMES JOSEPH WALKER, Mayor of New York City, has retired under fire. It was only a few months ago that Walker was boasting of the ease with which he would crush those persons who dared accuse him of improper conduct in office. But when it came time to answer their charges his usually ready wit floundered in a morass of hesitant, stuttering, confused replies. In brief, Mayor Walker, finding that he was convicting himself by his inability to meet squarely and frankly the accusations brought against him, did what a man convinced of his own innocence would not have done: he abruptly terminated the hearing before Governor Roosevelt by resigning from office. The hearing he called "a travesty, a mock trial." He declared he was "being outraged by the unlawful acts of the Governor." He even had the effrontery to assert that "I have met my accusers and disproved their charges." Finally, he suggested that he would seek vindication at the hands of the voters of New York. So far, Governor Roosevelt has seen fit not to reply to Walker's hysterical statement. Here he again displays the wisdom he exercised throughout the hearing of the charges against Walker. The record of that hearing is the only fitting or necessary reply to Walker's assertion that Roosevelt was not giving him a fair trial. Governor Roosevelt's handling of the case speaks for itself. Whether Walker's resignation will impair the Governor's chances of carrying New York State in the Presidential election is a question. This will certainly be true if Tammany Hall and the other Democratic machines in New York City support the former Mayor in seeking vindication at a special city election in November. The row within the Democratic Party would unquestionably help the Republican Presidential ticket. But it does not seem likely that the Walker case will have any measurable influence on the national election outside of New York State. The voters are not thinking of corruption in New York. The economic situation has given them more than enough other and more important things to think about. If Governor Roosevelt wins, it will not be because he favors or opposes municipal corruption, but because the voters are fed up on Republican misrule in Washington.

ALTHOUGH THE STRAW BALLOTS appear to be running heavily in his favor, Governor Roosevelt is probably finding no great comfort in the results of the various State primaries which have been held to date. In the Senatorial race in California, for example, 700,000 Republican votes were cast as against only 410,000 Democratic votes. This showing does not seem to portend a political upheaval in that normally Republican State. True, Senator Samuel M. Shortridge was defeated for renomination, which seems to indicate that the California voters are ready to turn out the men now holding office, but his defeat was probably due more to the breezy campaigning of his successful opponent, Tallant Tubbs, and to a factional row within the Republican Party than to any desire on the part of the California electorate to revolt against present office-holders. In the Texas primaries Governor R. S. Sterling appears to have been defeated by the irrepressible "Ma" Ferguson, but Mrs. Ferguson's margin was extremely narrow. Again, it may be noted, there was no landslide of protest votes. In South Carolina the present incumbent actually led the list of aspirants for the Democratic Senatorial nomination. Senator E. D. Smith ran ahead of Cole Blease, the picturesque former Senator from that State, although Blease has always been known as a good vote-getter, especially in hard times. Franklin Roosevelt may find a great deal of satisfaction in the victory of William Gibbs McAdoo, who won the Democratic Senatorial nomination in California, but McAdoo's action at the Chicago convention and his sharp fighting in the primary campaign have left some sores which may, unless healed in time, prove a hindrance rather than a help to Roosevelt in California on November 8.

ROSCOE POUND, Dean of the Harvard Law School and a member of the Wickersham Commission, has indorsed the latest attitude of President Hoover on prohibition.

> It is admirable . . . for its rejection of the speciously simple but illusory remedy of complete repeal. . . . It is not evasion, it is rather straightforward recognition of the difficulties of a complete problem. . . . As things are, there are compelling reasons for retaining a measure of direct federal power of control, while making possible an adjustment to local conditions and local opinions.

We do not doubt the sincerity of Dean Pound's own posi-

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tion, but we marvel that he can believe in the sincerity of the President's corkscrew course on the subject. We beg to remind him of the letter which President Hoover sent to Congress on January 20, 1931, accompanying the Wickersham report. The President wrote:

> The commission, by a large majority, does not favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment as a method of cure for the inherent abuses of the liquor traffic. I am in accord with this view. . . . I do, however, see serious objection to, and therefore must not be understood as recommending, the commission's proposed revision of the Eighteenth Amendment which is suggested by them for possible consideration at some future time if the continued effort at enforcement should not prove successful.

What the commission had recommended—Dean Pound concurring—was that the present Eighteenth Amendment compelling Congress to prohibit intoxicating liquors should be changed to one merely empowering Congress to "regulate or prohibit" them. What was the President's "serious objection" to this? Why did he not even deign to tell Congress what it was? Would not a sincere man have felt obliged at the very least to give his reason for rejecting the principal recommendation, after nearly two years of work, of the official commission appointed by himself? Did not that recommendation embody the most simple and direct, if not the only feasible way of achieving Mr. Hoover's present ostensible aims? And if this is what the President, with his eleventh-hour change of heart, now approves, can he not say so plainly, instead of hiding behind the dishonesty and self-contradictions of the Republican prohibition plank or the ambiguities of his own acceptance speech? Dean Pound may flatter himself that the President's prohibition views now sound vaguely like his own, but how he can bring himself to praise the President for his "straightforwardness" is beyond us.

THE WHITE HOUSE apparently can think of no one to turn to for help in this time of economic distress except the very industrialists and bankers whose blind leadership contributed so largely to the making of the depression. The latest Presidential appointment of this nature is that of Walter C. Teagle, head of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, who has been named to direct Mr. Hoover's job-sharing drive, which is simply another plan for saddling the costs of the depression on the workers. The Teagle committee will seek to "persuade" workers who have jobs to share their working time and wages with their unemployed colleagues. The independent retail gasoline dealers of New Jersey have another objection to the Teagle appointment. In an open letter to Mr. Hoover they declare that Teagle, "within the last three weeks, has sponsored a movement which will throw thousands of men out of work, and ruin the businesses of thousands of independent service-station retailers in New Jersey." This, they charge, the Standard Oil Company is doing by increasing the wholesale price of gasoline and oil sold to independent dealers, while at the same time holding down the retail price of motor fuels sold at its own stations. The margin of profit of the independent dealers, who cannot compete with the Standard Oil stations unless they keep their own retail prices down, is thus being converted into a loss. Why is it that Mr. Hoover must always pick such men as Walter Teagle to promote employment? Why, if he is really sincere in trying to help the workers, does he always turn to big business, to the discredited bankers and industrialists, instead of to social workers and honest labor leaders, when he needs help of this sort?

THE STATEMENTS OF THE COUNTRY'S monetary circulation are already beginning to reflect the effects of the unfortunate Glass-Borah amendment to the Home Loan Bank bill. The Federal Reserve report for the week ended August 31, although revealing an increase of $7,000,000 in the total volume of money in circulation, showed a falling off in outstanding Federal Reserve notes of $10,785,000. What this means is merely that the new national bank-note circulation, instead of increasing the total money supply of the country, is simply being issued to replace an equivalent volume of Federal Reserve notes. One of the great aims of the Federal Reserve Act was to get rid of the inelastic bond-secured national bank-note currency and substitute an elastic currency based on commercial paper, and varying with the needs of business. The recent Glass-Borah amendment was a retrograde step, a resumption of the old inelastic bond-secured currency; it is merely one more hysterical piece of "relief" legislation beginning to bear fruit.

AT THIS WRITING, 160,000 workers are on strike in the Lancashire cotton industry. The issue is not entirely one of wages. The employers, in making new wage agreements, demanded a cut of 10 per cent; the workers signified their willingness to take a cut of 6.8 per cent on condition that workers who had struck against local wage reductions made by employers before the old agreements were terminated be reinstated; but the employers refused to discharge the "scab" workers and promised to reinstate union workers only when and if vacancies occur. The government has already taken steps to end the dispute—a course which, in view of the intense feeling on both sides, seems to offer the only hope of settlement. The British press is divided in its sympathies; the *Manchester Guardian,* for instance, puts the blame upon "stiff-necked people on both sides who are bringing the name of Lancashire into contempt throughout the world." The fact is that the British cotton industry, like the coal industry, is in need of drastic reorganization, a remedy which, because it would mean more unemployment, even the workers do not care to face. Given the present chaotic state of the industry, it is not surprising that the employers are insisting that a cut in wages is essential, though there is no apparent justification for their refusal to reinstate employees who struck because of broken agreements. Yet whatever blame may attach to the workers in this dispute becomes academic in face of the fact that the average weekly wage in Lancashire, even without the cut proposed, is two pounds, or about seven dollars.

THE WORLD JEWISH CONFERENCE, which met recently in Geneva, voted to call a world congress during the summer of 1934. This congress will discuss such questions as anti-Semitism, Zionism, minority rights, and the economic status of Jewish life. To our mind this represents not only a courageous, but an extremely important step. There were many influential members of the

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race who opposed the idea of holding a world congress. Some apparently were afraid of their Jewishness—obscurantists who thought it would perhaps be wiser not to emphasize the differences between their people and other races. Some believed an international congress of Jews would simply serve to antagonize still further the anti-Semitic forces at work in many European countries. They feared that the meeting to be held in 1934 would be falsely interpreted as another Jewish conspiracy to dominate the world. A few of the opponents were merely defeatists. That all these objections were overcome at the Geneva conference shows with what good sense the majority of the leaders are facing the problems of their race. Surely obscurantism and defeatism will never solve those problems, nor will anti-Semitism abate merely because the Jews are afraid to be frank and honest with themselves. Only by discussing them in open and democratic fashion can the tasks before the Jewish race successfully be met.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS are still at the business of throttling criticism by depriving newspaper correspondents of their jobs. Some months ago Robert S. Allen, chief of the Washington bureau of the *Christian Science Monitor,* was summarily dismissed when it was learned that he was one of the authors of "Washington Merry-Go-Round." It was reported at the time—and not denied—that Allen was removed at the suggestion of the White House. Now the sequel of that daring and highly informative book has been brought out, and another one of the authors has lost his newspaper position. The latest victim is Drew Pearson, State Department correspondent for the Baltimore *Sun.* The managing editor of the *Sun,* which has long been known for its liberalism, simply informed Mr. Pearson that "we have read the book and the verdict is against you. Your usefulness for us has terminated." But Secretary of War Hurley, who is dealt with unsparingly and at great length in "More Merry-Go-Round," plainly told Mr. Pearson, according to the latter's statement, that he would telephone Paul Patterson, publisher of the *Sun,* and demand Mr. Pearson's removal. Such action on the part of the Secretary of War is about what might have been expected from that official, but that a newspaper of the *Sun's* honorable standing should lend itself to this action seems to us wholly inexplicable.

EVEN A PUBLIC SOMEWHAT JADED by the marvels of mechanical progress whistled when it read that James Haizlip had flown from Los Angeles to New York in ten hours and twenty minutes, an average speed from coast to coast of 246 miles an hour, while his nearest rival was only about half an hour behind him; and, a few days later, that Major Doolittle had flown for a short stretch at a rate of more than five miles a minute. Well, there can surely be little objection to new speed records as long as there is no pretense that they are being achieved for any other purpose than "record-breaking" itself. The engineers who designed the planes, motors, and propellers that make such speeds possible can take justifiable pride in their own ingenuity, and so can the flyers in their own skill and daring, but let us not pretend that these new speeds increase human welfare or do anything, in fact, but make the necks of everybody less safe.

Patriotic Liars

NOT long ago a Boston editor made a defense of Mr. Hoover's policy that we do not believe has been so clearly made before, at least in print. He admitted that Mr. Hoover had not been telling the American people the full truth about conditions. He went further: he admitted that the President had been deliberately deceiving us. And he defended him on the ground that if he had taken a course of "forecasting calamity and predicted bankruptcy and urged drastic reduction of wages," the country would have collapsed entirely. It is refreshing to see such candor. It is not often that editors admit and defend official lying, but there are obviously hundreds of them who privately hold the belief of the candid Bostonian.

Let us begin by admitting that whatever plausibility it has is the result of a germ of truth. Without confidence there can be no prosperity. That is too obvious to need stating. But it does not follow that confidence can be restored by any direct and merely psychological or hypnotic means, or that, if it could, it would in itself restore prosperity. Can confidence really be restored by lying? Even to ask the question in this direct form is to answer it in the negative. The people, perhaps, can be deceived once, even twice, but they cannot be deceived indefinitely, with the same device and by the same person. When the President seeks to maintain confidence either negatively, by withholding important facts, or positively, by saying that the facts are different from what they are, he is obliged to maintain that course continuously. The result is that everything gained by the first lie—assuming anything really is gained—is subsequently more than lost. The President may have hoped to gain something when he remarked in March, 1930, that "the worst effects of the crash and unemployment will have passed during the next thirty days." He may even have hoped that by continuing to whistle in the dark in May, 1930, with his statement, "We have now passed the worst," something could still be made to happen. But when he had twice been made ridiculous by events, what could he have hoped to gain in December, 1930, by saying "We have already weathered the worst of the storm"? What can he hope to gain now with his new series of statements about having "overcome the major financial crisis"? What did he hope to accomplish with his series of statements about the cessation of hoarding when the official figures of the Federal Reserve System showed that hoarding was still increasing?

It would be unfair to imply that President Hoover has been alone in this policy. In the last few years it has become a more and more widespread game. It has sometimes seemed, indeed, as if each of us was engaged in trying to reassure and deceive all the rest of us. In a general conspiracy to deceive ourselves, we agree that banks shall no longer carry their securities at present market value, but at the market value of a past date when they were much higher. When the failure of the Bank of United States—the largest bank failure ever to occur in the United States—was announced, the news appeared almost everywhere under a single-column head, as if it were a routine news item. The Insull receivership—the largest corporation receivership, in terms of dollars in-

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volved, in our history—was thought worthy of newspaper announcement only on the back pages. Today well-known firms continue to tumble into receivership in the back pages while the stock market goes up, and everybody is very optimistic, on the front page.

Just where has this whole policy got us? It has not prevented the worst stock-market collapse or the most appalling volume of unemployment of which we have any definite record. So far from having made conditions any better than they would have been, it has probably made them much worse. For it has undermined the confidence of the public in its newspapers and almost completely removed any confidence in its business and political leaders. Thousands of persons, having discovered in the past that conditions were much worse than they were represented as being, assume that the same must be true of the present.

A great economic crisis cannot be cured or mitigated by lying and misrepresentation. A policy of this sort is fundamentally cynical and contemptuous, for it assumes that the American people are so hysterical and untrustworthy that they cannot be told the truth in an emergency. The defense of such a policy assumes that there are only two courses—either to lie, or to shriek calamity from the housetops. It overlooks a third course, honorable and simple, of telling the exact truth without Cassandra-like wailing or prophecies, or of saying nothing when there is nothing cheerful to be said.

Three Letters

WE print here excerpts from three letters which have recently come into our hands, three desperate appeals for help from mothers of families who have reached the end of their resources. The first is from a woman in a West Virginia mining town.

> Could you please get me a few clothes for an unborn baby? The mines are not running here, as you know, and I am going to need clothes badly before many weeks. I am not able to buy any, so if I can't get a few together it will have to come and stay naked. If you can possibly do anything for me please let me know. I just want something for the baby, that is all.

The second letter, which comes from another mining town in West Virginia, is written, with amazing spirit, by the twenty-eight-year-old mother of six children.

> My baby was born May 25. She has dark hair and dark blue eyes. She is extra good. She needs nothing but a cap, a coat, and a blanket. I hope I can get them soon.
>
> School will soon start here and I dread it. Times are terrible. My husband only gets $2 a day and that doesn't go far. I have three children to start to school this fall. That means three coats, besides all their other clothes. Talking of hard times, I wonder what people will do this winter. My husband will have steady work only until fall.

The third appeal is from a woman in Marion, North Carolina. We have reason to know that she has given help to the other women of her community throughout the long period of distress. Now she must ask help for herself.

> I love children and have often wanted to have children of my own. But to have one now, as I am going to, is almost more than I can stand. My husband has had about ten weeks work since 1929. I have four step-children, so there are six in my family. I have suffered so much in the past few years, and have seen my family suffer for even enough food. Why should I bring another baby here to suffer in this world as we are having to do?
>
> I need fruit and milk and vegetables. I need rest. I need yards of material for sheets and gowns. I have no blankets. I need baby clothes. Most of all I need some medicine and a doctor's care. The doctor says that if everything goes all right, he will take care of me for $40, but that is the best he can do.
>
> I am five feet, six inches tall, and have a step-daughter the same height, one girl thirteen, and a boy ten years. The oldest boy is sixteen. They have some clothes but I am sorry to say not enough for school wear.
>
> I hate charity. I would rather earn what I can than beg, but my condition now forces me not only to take charity but even to ask for it. I've tried so hard to get along without it, and I've tried so hard to help others. Now I must ask for help for myself. My husband left this morning without food or money to go to another State to look for work. I am surely hoping he will get something.
>
> As for things you may collect, I can sew, and if I get able will be glad to mend or remodel anything—and there are many here who are in the same boat with me. I could pass things on to others who need them if I can't use them.

The three cases so affectingly outlined here, while extreme, are not isolated. Throughout America thousands of people, young, old, and middle-aged, are living on the edge of starvation. In every American city and town, women, who feel a peculiar and terrible physical responsibility for their children, are having to witness day by day the suffering of workless, discouraged husbands and of children whose hunger is never satisfied. Meanwhile a senseless state, while it refuses to take responsibility for its citizens and their children, forbids them even the knowledge of birth control.

That the response to these individual appeals will be great there is no doubt.* But what of the thousands upon thousands whose need is never dramatized, whose hunger is made known to us only through the dead figures of a report on unemployment? Industrial mass production, when it breaks down, brings mass hunger, and mass hunger is invariably shut off, in the slums of the poor, from the sight of those from whom charity must come.

To defenders of the dignity of the human spirit charity is abhorrent because it falsely glorifies the giver and humiliates the recipient. What is even more relevant to the present situation is that charity is hopelessly outmoded as a means of insuring the daily bread of the eleven millions who today cannot find work in America.

We appeal to our readers to see to it that the three women whose letters we have published here are made secure for the coming winter. We appeal to the American people to insist, first, upon direct and adequate relief to the millions of families who will need help this winter; second, upon unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, and protection of the health of the nation's mothers and children; and finally, upon a reordering of our society to the end that an equitable and regulated distribution of work and wealth will make such suffering impossible.

* Contributions for destitute families in the mining towns of West Virginia may be sent to Tom Tippett, Chairman of Relief, Room 9, Old Kanawha Valley Bank Building, Charleston, West Virginia. Clothes or money for the woman in North Carolina as well as for her neighbors may be sent to the office of *The Nation*.

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Threatening the Peace of Europe

GERMANY has finally requested that it be permitted to enlarge its military establishment. It wants that equality in armaments which the victorious Powers promised at the peace conference, but it is no longer pleased to wait until the other nations have established equality by reducing their armaments to the level of the German forces; instead the Von Papen-Von Schleicher regime is insisting that equality can only be attained by building up the German military machine. On June 16, 1919, the victors at the peace conference declared:

> The Allied and Associated Powers wish to make it clear that their requirements in regard to German armaments were not made solely with the object of rendering it impossible for Germany to resume her policy of military aggression. They are also the first steps toward that general reduction and limitation of armaments which they seek to bring about as one of the most fruitful preventives of war, and which it will be one of the first duties of the League of Nations to promote.

Thirteen years is a long time to wait for a promise of this vital nature to be fulfilled, especially when those years are filled with anxieties and uncertainties. Yet Stresemann or Brüning, even in the face of the probable failure of the disarmament conference at Geneva, might have remained patient a while longer. But General von Schleicher, the militarist who has learned nothing since 1914, is made of different stuff. In the stricter sense, though we do not sympathize with it, his impatience is justified. How derelict the League has been in performing this one of its "first duties" is all too tragically apparent. At every turn, disarmament has been sabotaged by the Powers controlling the League, particularly by France. If the change in German policy now means the end of the world disarmament effort, as seems probable, these Powers must bear their full share of the blame. Moreover, if they now concede equality to Germany on the basis General von Schleicher has demanded, if they now retrace those "first steps" taken at the peace conference which were to lead to general disarmament, they will in effect be admitting that they never really intended to disarm, that they were simply using this pledge as a means of disguising their subjugation of Germany, and that they were finally giving in only because their hypocritical gesture at Versailles had been exposed.

But it appears highly unlikely that this concession will be made, not alone because the Powers do not care to expose their own hypocrisy, but for other and no less selfish reasons. The chief stumbling block, as in the past, will be France and its allies. French hegemony in Europe is based upon French military supremacy and nothing else. Geographically and economically, Poland and the countries of the Little Entente are closer to Berlin than to Paris. The greater part of their trade is with Germany, Austria, and Hungary rather than with France, which, indeed, enjoys less than 10 per cent of the total of the foreign commerce of its allies. Thus it can be seen that only the military predominance of France, plus a common desire to prevent any revision of the peace treaties, is holding this system of alliances together. By the same means France has been enabled to dictate to the rest of the Continent in the matter of reparations, treaty revision, the Austro-German *Anschluss,* and international finances. Therefore, if Germany should gain military equality, which because of its larger population and longer frontiers would really mean military supremacy, the positions of Paris and Berlin would be reversed. The latter would then be in a position to dictate. It should be clear that France and its allies will not readily allow Germany to regain its military supremacy.

In his radio speech of July 26, however, General von Schleicher pointedly suggested that if equality in armaments is not granted, Germany will be compelled to enlarge its military forces upon its own initiative. What will France do then? How will it meet such a deliberate challenge to the Versailles Treaty and the status quo of Europe? Upon the answer depends the peace of Europe. In 1924 French troops marched into the Ruhr when Germany balked at paying the reparations demanded by the peace agreement. It is not probable that France will attempt the same thing again. In the first place, French public opinion has undergone a radical change in the last few years. Secondly, the invasion of the Ruhr in 1924 found Germany exhausted, spiritually as well as financially; the invasion at worst could only have led to an internal collapse in Germany, and not to armed resistance; but today Germany's fighting spirit has been revived, perhaps out of sheer desperation, but nevertheless to a point which makes it almost certain that the militarists and Hitlerites would meet force with force. In our judgment France would think twice before attempting to inflict any penalty of that sort on Germany. Still, there is the warning which Robert Dell sounded in *The Nation* of September 7, and a careful reading of the French press shows that this warning must be taken seriously. Mr. Dell wrote:

> The French general staff and the French nationalist politicians are not in the least afraid of Germany. They intend to make sure that German armaments shall never catch up with the French, and what they long for is an excuse for walking into Germany and finishing the war which, in their opinion, as M. Poincaré said not long ago, is not finished yet. General von Schleicher has given them a hope that they may sooner or later be provided with the necessary excuse, and also an opportunity of scaring the French people out of the desire for disarmament so emphatically expressed last May.

It is high time the statesmen of Europe awakened to this grave situation. There is no hope of reasoning with the stupid militarists in Berlin, nor yet with the nationalists of France. But other public leaders, such as Ramsay MacDonald in England and Edouard Herriot and Léon Blum in France, who have large followings in their own countries, must bestir themselves. In the last analysis it is upon them and their people that rests what small hope is left of actually bringing about disarmament in Europe. The chances that these men can accomplish anything are slim indeed, but if they fail, what is to prevent Europe from plunging into another mad armaments race and perhaps an early war?

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The Spanish Republic Meets the Test

By BAILEY W. DIFFIE

IS the Spanish Republic gaining or losing favor? During the second year of its existence this question has been asked in vain. In spite of a wealth of work well done, one uncertainty has remained: has the new government pleased its supporters enough to make them fight for it as they were willing to do in April, 1931? Reports of discontent, accounts of strikes, rumors of the approaching fall of the government all increased this uncertainty, and the belief that a republican victory had been won by a minority at a time when the personal popularity of the king was temporarily low had begun to grow.

The events of the tenth and eleventh of August furnish an answer to the doubters. Quickly and decisively the forces of the government suppressed the attempted monarchical uprising. Far from being hostile, or even apathetic toward the Republic, the people demonstrated that they were overwhelmingly for the regime. Who then instituted an uprising in the face of such preponderant republican strength?

The new constitution, which contains clauses that hit at the church, the landed class, the old political chiefs, the army, and privilege in general, certainly created a host of enemies for the Republic. Military reform was a blow at one of the most highly privileged classes in Spain and it was not to be expected that it would pass without strong protest. Separation of church and state, subjugation of religious orders to the state, and subsequent expulsion of the Jesuits created new opponents. Labor laws have been passed designed to strengthen the position of the laborer in his contest with capital; more than two hundred laws have been enacted to curtail the privileges of landowners, and a land law now under consideration will practically expropriate private real-estate wealth. The Republic has been a harsh master for a great number of its citizens. Thousands of satellites of the old regime have found themselves supplanted in their functions by new employees; hundreds of priests and monks with their numerous following have risen to the cry of "the church is in danger"; some twelve thousand army officers have been forced into retirement and found themselves without a calling; and every property-holder in the country has felt that his accumulated wealth was threatened. Unlimited reasons for revolt, but why at this time?

"The monarchy is coming back," has been open talk among the king's supporters for some time, and several indications gave a semblance of truth to this claim. One of the real menaces to the Republic was the loss of many of its followers. In the first enthusiasm they expected the impossible. The poor thought that their rent would be reduced by 40 per cent; farm laborers expected the immediate repartition of all land, and naively gathered together to perform this pleasant task for themselves when they found the government slow; day laborers were confident that they would become owners of the factories in which they worked. When they found that these expectations were empty, a movement to bring them about by force resulted in thousands of revolutionary strikes. To the disappointment and mystification of the laborers, they found that their attempts at self-help were crushed by the shots of the hated *Guardia Civil* just as in the days of the monarchy. The first hopes of the people, exemplified by a cobbler who explained to me that in a republic people are "happy and contented, prosperous and free," were changed a year later to the disappointed wail that "the Republic has done nothing for me. I work as I always did, I pay the same rent, and my food costs more. It makes no difference to the poor who governs."

This disappointment of their followers was accompanied by the division of republicans into several factions. At no time were they all agreed on any one thing except the undesirability of the monarchy. The monarchy once out of the way, they settled down to the bickerings and quarrels so customary in political democracies. The Socialists, as the best organized party, demanded, and largely secured, a great measure of socialistic reform. They were opposed by the conservative republicans grouped around Alcalá Zamora and Miguel Maura. The church question forced these two men out of the cabinet, and the resultant reorganization was a frankly left cabinet, chiefly Socialist in strength. The cry soon arose that Spain was again under a dictatorship. New elections were demanded, and when these were refused a campaign was started to discredit the government. The principal leader of this movement was Alejandro Lerroux, who though a lifelong republican, recently made a speech at Saragossa which smacked strongly of regret for having instituted the regime. He undoubtedly adheres to his republican sentiments and has aimed only at ousting the Socialists from the government, but the most conspicuous result of his campaign has been to cause discontent with the system.

The first sign of serious trouble came at the end of June during a banquet held after the maneuvers of the cadets of the Carabanchel training ground. The leader of the cadets offered a toast which, if not monarchist, was at least not republican in sentiment. Other toasts of the same order followed. Finally the turn of General Goded, chief of the general staff of the army, came. He attacked fiercely the threatened dismemberment of Spain and the Cortes for permitting it. Raising his glass he cried: "Viva——," then paused long and dramatically while his hearers waited tensely for him to continue. If he gave the customary, obligatory, and courteous toast it must be to the Republic; but he did not. Instead he concluded simply, "Viva España!" Such a cry was equivalent to an insult to the Republic, but the applause was tremendous.

General Goded was immediately removed from his command. Within a few days General Cavalcanti was arrested and sentenced to one month's imprisonment for writing an article criticizing the policies of Minister of Justice Albornoz. Late in June General Barrera was arrested for conspiring, but was released. General Sanjurjo, who had been head of the *Guardia Civil* during the rule of Primo de Rivera and who had been continued in his position because of his quick adhesion to the Republic, became piqued when he was removed from that position.

The approaching verdict of the Commission of Responsi-

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bilities gave reason for hastening the reaction. Numbers of army officers implicated in the De Rivera regime must answer to charges that will be placed against them. They undoubtedly felt that the time had come to strike.

The Catalan question was a possible cause for the revolt's being timed as it was. For several weeks the Cortes have debated acrimoniously the status of Catalonia. Wholesale protests against the terms of the proposed statute created a belief that all Spain was one in opposing the government on this issue. To dismember Spain or not to dismember Spain was the question presented to the country by the conservatives and monarchists, and they believed they had the country behind them in opposition to dismemberment. The eve of the final vote on the statute seemed a good time to appeal to the country.

So with disappointed laborers, fearful landlords, timorous republicans, faithful church-goers, and disgruntled military cliques the stage was set. But the people refused to join the revolt. In its planning and execution it was purely military. The provinces did not rise, as was expected, to bring back the church, to restore the right of private property, to reconstitute the army as the ruler of Spain, or to recall the king from his exile. The people did not turn on the Republic as their mumblings had led the military faction to believe they would. Instead, even the enemies of the present government came to its aid. The Syndicalists called on their people to defend the Republic, the Communists gave their support, and the Republic stood. One swallow does not make a summer, but the doubt is answered for a time. Spain did not turn republican in a temporary fit of anger against her king. The Spanish Republic is the result of long years of careful education and propaganda. It came to answer the people's cry for social reform, and the people are determined that it shall stand.

The Show Business

II. How It Works*

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IDEALLY, of course, the work of the artist ought to be independent of everything except himself. No middle man should come between him and his public, and no financial or business considerations should compel him to modify his plans. No artist, however, actually enjoys ideal conditions, and the dramatist is particularly unfortunate in this respect.

In the first place, he requires the cooperation of a whole staff of interpretative artists and artisans through whose hands his conception must pass before it can reach an audience. In the second place, the production of any play is tremendously expensive and involves a commercial undertaking larger than that in which any other artist—except the architect—needs to be involved. Hence it is that the drama depends upon "the show business" to an extent infinitely greater than any novel can depend upon "the book business" or any painting upon "the art business." When a man has written a good novel he may be reasonably sure that it will reach the public rather soon, and very much as he wrote it, but when the manuscript of a play has been completed there is no telling what will happen next. It may be announced for production during three or four successive seasons by three or four different producers. God only knows how far it will be from what he intended by the time the manager, the director, the scene designer, and the star have had their way with it. And then, after all the agony, it is quite as likely as not to die forever either during rehearsal or somewhere out of town before anyone for whom the play was intended has had an opportunity to hear it at all.

No one can appreciate the unwieldy complexity of the show business without some knowledge of the various operations involved, and the present article will attempt to give a brief and necessarily simplified account of the process by which a play finally reaches Broadway. Before the curtain finally goes up on an opening night, a dozen different specialists may each have been directing a series of operations all converging toward the great event, and, to start with, we may consider the playwright, the producer, and the theater-owner as the three chief persons involved.

Let us suppose, then, that the first has found a play upon which he is willing to risk his money, or (what is equally likely) upon which he has persuaded one or more other persons to risk theirs. The chances are that he got the play originally from a play-broker and, as likely as not, he first took only an option which was repeatedly renewed by the paying of a very small sum. Finally, however, he has drawn up a definite contract with the dramatist or his agent, which includes an agreement upon royalties, and he is now ready to start actual production. That is so much the most complicated part of the whole business that it must be treated separately, but if we suppose that the play has actually been whipped into shape and probably tried out in some nearby city, the next step is to arrange for a theater.†

If the producer happens also to be a theater-owner or lessee the process is somewhat simplified, although, in his bookkeeping, the production and the theater will be considered as separate enterprises. If he is not the owner or lessee of a theater, then he must acquire a suitable house, the finding of which may involve a long wait before such a house is available, and, in any event, will involve a business operation of some complexity since there is no standard price for a theater and since the terms, both as to percentages, guaranties, and bonds are a matter of negotiation between the producer and the owner, who gets as much as he can in view

* The second of a series on The Show Business. The third, What It Costs, will appear next week.—Editor The Nation.

† I am indebted to the business managers of several producing organizations for information used in the preparation of these articles. I am also very heavily indebted to the admirable study prepared for the Labor Bureau by Alfred Bernheim and Sara Harding. It has never been published in book form, but a few copies entitled "The Business of the Theater" were printed and distributed by the Actors' Equity Association.

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of the prevailing state of the market and according to his judgment of the probable earning power of the production in question. In any event, the theater-owner will provide for the heating and cleaning of the theater, print the tickets, and furnish both ushers and a minimum stage crew of perhaps fifteen men for a dramatic production—including a head carpenter, a head electrician, and a head property man. If a larger crew is needed the producer will furnish the additional men as well as all special electrical equipment, costumes, and other properties. Ordinarily the lease will not be for a fixed time or for a fixed sum but from week to week and upon the basis of a percentage of the gross receipts, although there may also be a minimum guaranty.

It is, however, between the buying of the play and the leasing of the theater that the producer is busiest, and that the largest number of specialists are at work. To begin with, a cast must be selected from among those suitable performers who are at the moment "at liberty" or (as is frequently the case) the production must be postponed until the particular star whom the producer has in mind has finished some engagement which will end—no one knows when. Probably the actors finally engaged are engaged through an agency, and if the producing organization is a large one they have been selected, not by the producer himself, but by a casting director who is employed by him because of special knowledge of the talents of various actors. The producer may now undertake to direct the rehearsals himself, but more probably he will elect merely to coordinate the various processes, and will turn the business of direction over to a specialist who may be either permanently attached to his staff or engaged for the particular job. More depends upon this gentleman than upon any other single person except the playwright, since the interpretation of the play is largely in his hands and since, as a matter of fact, he is often responsible for much that the actors get credit for.

Rehearsals may last any length of time but the actors must rehearse without pay for four weeks, provided that these four weeks are continuous. During the first week of rehearsal the producer may discharge any member of the cast without penalty but after that he cannot dismiss any performer without paying two weeks' salary.

Meanwhile, innumerable other arrangements are being made. A scenic designer has probably been employed to design plans and make scale models. A contract has been let to a company which builds these scenes and with another company which paints them. Next in importance come the costumes. If the play is modern in setting the men of the company must furnish any costume conventionally worn while the actresses are sent to some dressmaker whose bills the producer pays. If unusual costumes are required they must be designed by someone and executed by someone else, though in very special cases the costumes may be either rented or remade from the stock which a very active producer has accumulated. Nor is even this all. Various properties must be bought or rented, special electrical equipment must be arranged for, a press agent must be employed to keep news of the forthcoming production before the public, and countless other things—such, for example, as arrangements with the transfer companies for moving the scenery to the theater—must be seen to.

Moreover, all these things are made more complicated by the fact that in nearly every instance the arrangements are not made simply between a producer and various individuals by private agreement, but, instead, in accordance with the usually very complicated rules of the various unions or other organizations with one or another of which nearly every worker in the theater is affiliated. The playwright must be a member of the Dramatist Guild, most of the performers must be members of Actors' Equity, the stage hands must be members of the Theatrical Protective Union, et cetera. There are, as a matter of fact, some thirty-five different associations with whose rules the producer has to conform, and they range all the way from the Dramatist Guild already mentioned on down to the Doormen's Union and the Theatrical Transfer Union—which latter, merely by way of example, provides that the regular stage crew may not touch the scenery until it has been deposited on the sidewalk, that any production moved at night shall constitute an entire night's work, that no general transfer company shall handle theatrical effects, et cetera, et cetera. At one time the various workers of the theater, from actors on down, were pretty much at the mercy of the managers, and intolerable abuses prevailed. Today the manager is pretty much at the mercy of the humblest of his employees, and unless he watches his step he is more than likely to find himself helplessly embroiled with organizations which disrupt the whole process of production and make it absolutely impossible for him to get on with it.

Furthermore, it must be remembered that at any stage in the proceeding something may go wrong which involves great delay, vast expense, and wicked waste. At any time between the first assemblage of the cast and the all-important first night, changes of all sorts may seem to be necessary. Perhaps the play is rewritten either by the original author or by a "play doctor" hired for the purpose. Perhaps the cast is changed, perhaps the scenery is scrapped, perhaps a new director is engaged. Most of the plays written are never bought, many of the plays bought are never put into production, many of the plays put into production never open out of town, many that open out of town never reach Broadway, and finally, not more than one-fourth of those which do get to New York do anything except lose money for their sponsors. Even when a play does finally achieve a triumphant reception on its first night, the public has no way of knowing through how many changes it has passed or how far it is from being what it started out to be. And every change, every delay in one department which involves delay in the others, piles production costs up and up until certain of the elaborate musical shows open under the weight of production costs which only a most improbably long run could ever cover.

In fine, the production of a successful play requires—under the combined and harmonized artistic activities of author, director, players, and scene designers—the direction of a general whose business success will depend largely upon the success of his generalship. That many New York managers are capable and shrewd no one would deny. That the business of the theater would be infinitely more secure if they were more capable and more shrewd is obvious. Considering the difficulties, they do wonders, but the fact remains, as I shall attempt later to show, that, at best, the production of a play very often involves enormous wastes, some of which could probably be avoided by more efficient management.

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THE POT AND THE KETTLE

Our Invisible Government and "Wasted" Votes

A "preposterous campaign" Elmer Davis calls this one in the current *Harpers,* and winds up his article with the, for him, amazing admonition to vote for Norman Thomas. "If," he writes, "you can't swallow the name Socialist, if you prefer to vote for the kind of politicians we used to think we could afford in the fat years—well, God save the United States." Unfortunately multitudes will not swallow the name Socialist; still other multitudes will be stupid enough to say it is throwing away your vote to ballot for Thomas because he cannot win anyway; and still others will simply hold their noses or play golf.

It's all truly preposterous. But what strikes me as most preposterous of all is how few people realize that politically we are back where we were in 1900 and that so far as our domestic politics are concerned we have not progressed one genuine step since then and are still fighting the same old battle. I have just had this rubbed in by reading Claude Bowers's brilliant, if somewhat superficial, story of "Beveridge and the Progressive Era," just published by Houghton Mifflin Company. Beveridge used to go about declaring that, during Theodore Roosevelt's years in the White House, "more great reforms have been advanced than in any two Administrations in our history." One admirer of Woodrow Wilson has gone Beveridge several better; he says that as many reforms were achieved under Wilson as in any *five* previous Administrations! Yet the fact is that time has dealt hardly with those much-touted reforms, so that many of them are today worthless; at their best they never really went to the roots of any of our problems.

To read Bowers's story of how the Progressives fought against Aldrich, Cannon, Quay, Lodge, Fairbanks, and all the rest of the representatives of a militant selfish capitalism is thrilling, yet. But was the old guard routed either by the Progressives or Woodrow Wilson? They were not. Wilson turned the United States over to them when he put this country into the World War. They have been enthroned ever since, with far less challenge than in Roosevelt ian days, under Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. Never in our history have the big-business interests had a more subservient President than Mr. Hoover. His every step is to call in the big-business crowd, whether it is in order to organize private doles, or to stimulate foreign trade, or to spread employment, or to "organize the constructive forces of the nation"—how many times have they been organized since October, 1929? It is always Owen D. Young and Thomas W. Lamont and Henry M. Robinson and Charley Dawes and all the rest. Good, useful men? Some, indubitably. But there are other groups and kinds of men far less biased by their occupations and status in life, who could do as good and much better work. Mr. Hoover does not know them, or if he knows them does not value them. So he rules for, by, and with big business almost as completely as if there were no others in American life—and for that reason big business has been in the saddle until its own folly, its own asinine blunders, its own incompetence, has helped in great degree to precipitate the economic disaster in which we are still floundering, out of which they cannot suggest the real way out—not if Mr. Hoover calls them into fifty conferences. For the reforms we need would go far toward eliminating them and their powers and their riches, once for all.

Cleaning the Augean Stables. So Mr. Bowers heads one of his chapters. How much did the Beveridges actually clean? And as for Mr. Wilson's "New Freedom," I quote from it constantly and never do I seem to find anyone in my audiences who knows what it contained. Yet his entire description, written in 1912, of the "real rulers of America, the great capitalists," of the needed new birth of the nation "that the people may come into their own," "may receive back their heritage," applies exactly to the situation today. Does anyone maintain that Mr. Wilson emancipated us from the thraldom he so eloquently described. No. He may have started well, but the day he decided to go to war he ended all further drastic reforms. There have certainly been none since, and the old devices such as the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the Tariff Commission, yes, the Federal Reserve Board have failed, in part or wholly, to safeguard the rights and welfare of the public. We have seen only such bills passed as would help to make other privileged persons rich and more powerful. We have tinkered here and there with the machine, but never rebuilt it, and we have witnessed under Mr. Hoover the crowning tariff infamy which did far more than people realize to precipitate the catastrophe.

Read the "New Freedom"; read Mr. Bowers; comparison with today is unavoidable, and these conclusions inevitable: We have gained not at all, but gone backward since the Progressive era. And there is no hope today in either the Progressive group in Washington or in the Democratic and Republican Parties. They may call each other names until the welkin rings. They may spread out their wares again and again. But neither pot nor kettle has anything worth while to offer. Neither has any real remedies to suggest. If their spokesmen know what these are they are careful to suppress them, for they know they cannot put them over with their parties—no more than Grover Cleveland or Woodrow Wilson could get Democratic Congresses to pass a genuine tariff revision. The same dry rot corrodes both parties; the same political corruption palsies them. An outworn political system hobbles and chains them even when the desire to reform exists. And the Constitution written for thirteen small colonies, whose knowledge did not even cover the country behind them, completes the difficulty of modernizing the government and of making it as responsible to the will of the people as the founders, and in our times the Progressives

* The second of a series of weekly comments on the election which will appear during the campaign.

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and Woodrow Wilson, have wished it to be. We have neither the recall of judicial decisions, which Theodore Roosevelt and Beveridge demanded, nor have we abolished child labor or achieved the safety of old age; we have not controlled the trusts; we have not put the tariff hogs in their proper pens; nor have we made "all business honest," as the Bull Moosers swore they would.

The truth is still what Beveridge said it was—and exactly identical with Woodrow Wilson's:

> These special interests which suck the people's substance are bi-partisan. They are the invisible government behind our visible government. Democratic and Republican bosses alike are brother-officers of this hidden power. . . . The root of the wrongs which hurt the people is the fact that the people's government has been taken away from them—the invisible government has usurped the people's government. The government must be given back to the people.

Elmer Davis is right. If we are going on decade after decade voting back into office the same worthless politicians who get us nowhere, God save the United States. The President can get his troops to fire on his fellow-citizens a few times but not forever.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Insulting the Catholics

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, September 3

ONE month ago I reported in this place that Hoover's campaign strategy would include a whispering campaign designed to persuade Catholic voters in the East that Al Smith was the victim of anti-Catholic propaganda disseminated by Roosevelt workers in the South and East prior to the Chicago convention. That plan has now been set in operation. An insinuating letter, apparently the first of a series, has been sent to a list of "key Catholics" in various States. It is obvious that the Republican leaders, by harping constantly on the name of McAdoo, hope to convince Catholics that a Roosevelt Administration would be dominated by the same forces which prevented the nomination of Smith in 1924 and contributed to his defeat in 1928. Thus far, the noble enterprise has achieved a very doubtful success. Conspicuous among the responses is an editorial entitled, Are Catholics Boobs? which appeared in the influential Catholic review, *America,* under the name of the Reverend Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., one of the most brilliant Catholic journalists in this or any other country. After outlining the Republican plan briefly he commented:

> In other words, that party which won in 1928 partly by capitalizing Protestant hatred for Catholics, hopes it can win in 1932 by creating and capitalizing Catholic hatred for Protestants. The insult to our intelligence and good sense could hardly be greater. Any Catholic who unwittingly allows himself to be inveigled into such a game does not deserve to have a vote.

Is it possible that Messrs. Hoover, Mills, Hurley, and Hyde have been guilty of a tactical error?

* * * * *

SINCE Hoover made his acceptance speech I have been amused by the number of inquiries about his pronunciation. Many radio listeners complained they could hardly understand him. The truth is, of course, that they were simply deceived in 1928 by the contrast between Hoover's speech and Al Smith's unfamiliar New Yorkese. The President's use of words always has been inexpert and careless. Some Washington wag has said that the history of the republic from Lincoln to Hoover might properly be entitled: "From the Rail Splitter to the Infinitive Splitter." Accordingly, in a modest desire to serve I have compiled a brief glossary from which future listeners may be able to ascertain what the President is talking about. In the column on the left appears the words as pronounced by him; in the corresponding column appears the dictionary spelling.

Uhmurrycun	American
mantain	maintain
hunderd	hundred
redoose	reduce
cooppatuff	cooperative
uhmurguncy	emergency
alwuss	always
nacktudd	enacted
pursurves	preserves
govermunt	government
substys	subsidies
purvent	prevent
noggerated	inaugurated
divarred	devoured
purdoose	produce
vistige	vestige
inishytuff	initiative
constooshun	constitution
Ruppublacan	Republican
distructuff	destructive
uhfectuff	effective
spurt	spirit
murge	emerge
are	our
tuv	that have

Let it be understood that I see no relation between President Hoover's pronunciation and his qualifications for office, and I hope that the former will excite no more attention during this campaign that ex-Governor Smith's rendering of "radio" excited during the last.

* * * * *

HURRAH for F. Trubee Davison, our gallant Assistant Secretary of War and candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of New York! Thanks to him we understand at last why the Administration was perfectly justified in using bayonets and tear gas to drive several thousand homeless men, women, and children out of Washington on the night of July 28. It was, he told the New

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York convention of the American Legion, because most of the men were merely "a polyglot mob of tramps and hoodlums, with a generous sprinkling of Communist agitators." "The army secret service" had since learned that their discharge papers were fakes, and had traced them to "a printing press in a large Eastern city." Excellent, but Truthful Trubee might have done even better if he had really exerted himself. There remains the embarrassing fact that the two men actually killed *were* veterans. Now it probably is true that most Washington policemen are natives of Virginia and Maryland, and hence likely to be Democrats. How would it do to say that they singled two lone veterans out of "the polyglot mob of tramps, hoodlums, and Communists" and deliberately killed them in order to embarrass President Hoover? Trubee would still be confronted with the circumstance that the three indicted for violence were bone fide veterans, all wounded overseas, and one decorated for heroism under fire, but ah—perhaps some enemy of the Administration tampered with the grand jury. The next one is simple. Trubee might have thrown out the hint that Bernard Myers, who died twelve days after being gassed in his father's arms, really was a Soviet spy who had disguised himself as a two-months-old baby. However, on second thought, it may be just as well that Trubee stopped where he did. There is no such thing as "the army secret service," and the intelligence service declined to be the goat. Its officers promptly and carefully explained that they have no authority "to conduct investigations of civil matters in peace time," and hence could not have made the "discovery" of the "printing press." The Department of Justice bluntly announced that it had never heard of such a thing. Warned by the boos and hisses which greeted Davison's fantastic yarn, the White House disclosed that when Pat Hurley goes to the national Legion convention in Portland, Oregon, this month it will be in the capacity of a legionnaire and not as Secretary of War. In other words, as a local paragrapher put it, the public is warned in advance that the convention "will be booing Pat Hurley, not Herbert Hoover." How amusing it would be if the valiant Pat decided at the last moment that pressing official duties would prevent him from attending in any capacity!

* * * * *

WASHINGTON is no place for a fat man during these blistering days, and the Great Coordinator and Readjuster has more than prickly heat to worry him. For example, there was the base and treacherous act of old Charley Curtis in coming out against repeal just when Hoover thought he had the wets pacified. But there is a sound excuse for old Charley. If he is beaten for Vice-President he will almost certainly run for the Senate, and Kansas is dry. In an effort to give the White House a Coolidge tinge for the campaign, Hoover enlisted the secretarial talents of Ted Clarke, who formerly served the Sage of Plymouth Notch in that capacity. Whereupon the newspapers—or some of them—promptly disclosed that Mr. Clarke had for three years been engaged as a Washington lobbyist for the Liggett interests, which had kindly "loaned" him to Mr. Hoover for the campaign without pay. Despite all the laborious pumping of the Administration press, the conference of business executives at which the grand offensive against the depression was to be launched, has been a dismal flop. All the speeches that were made might just as well have been whispered down a prairie doghole in the Navajo Desert. Ninety-nine per cent of the stuff was simply the old bunk which we have been hearing for more than two years. Only a mining-stock promoter could really believe that the economic sickness of this country can be cured by ballyhoo. I wonder if he does.

Prelude

By CONRAD AIKEN

As if god were a gipsy in a tent,
the smeared mask in the smoky light,
smiling with concealed intent
pointing to the bag of fortunes from which you choose,
the hand like a claw, a tiger's claw,
the claw with stripes—
(as if one thus, in the twilight,
at the hour of the bat, the hour of the moth,
when night-eyes open and day-eyes close,
saw, in the flitting betwixt light and light,
the half-knowledge which is more than knowledge—)

saying, choose now—the time is come—put in your hand—
take out the card that tells your future—
five words or six in vast calligraphy
spaced paused and pointed as they should be, printed
in words of Alpha, in words of Omega,
or in such words as are not words at all—
thunder, harsh lightning, the fierce asterisk
that stars the word, for footnote to dead worlds—
choose now, be doomed, take out the phrase
that calls you king, that calls you fool,
brings the fat klondike to too greedy hands—

as if you saw
the crass inevitable and stupid finger
thrust then among the alien cards, alien phrases,
your finger, injured by life, already willing
to turn one way, rather than another—

and saw it choose
one phrase, one idiot round of idiot words
(how can you say your scorn for this deception)
one phrase, one sullen phrase, to be the symbol
of all you are—to be the ambassador
of all you are to all that is not you—

if life were this, if soul were only this,
as well it might be, should be, must be, is—
god the proud gipsy in his tent at twilight,
yourself the fool that darkling takes a card:
your life thus blindfold dedicate to folly,
murder become a hand, hand become murder
by patient evolution—

Think of this,
and laugh, at moth's hour, bat's hour, or at wolf's hour—
that moth be moth, bat be bat, wolf be wolf—
or gipsy be a god,
shuffler of cards and cozener of fools.

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Graham Wallas

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

A WELL-KNOWN man of letters, writing to me a few days after the death of Graham Wallas, said that his passing had rung in many minds the knell of an epoch which for our younger contemporaries had never existed. He meant one thing in especial: that the distinguished work and personality of Graham Wallas had been, above everything else, associated with a time of inspiriting debate and effort, when we believed in the not distant fulfilment of the democratic idea and the working out of the uncompleted program of democracy—by means of free discussion and scientific thinking, of realistic leadership, well-trained groups, and a working community becoming conscious and purposeful. Of that ideal there were two brilliantly endowed English exponents who stood above all others in intellectual gifts and graces, in the power of suggestion and persuasion, in disinterested public spirit and breadth of appeal to the English-speaking world. Graham Wallas and Lowes Dickinson were born respectively in 1858 and 1862. One was a product of Oxford, the other of Cambridge. They died within seven days of each other.

It is improbable that any university teacher of our age had a wider audience or a more devoted following than Graham Wallas. We have been reminded, by Professor Laski, that his lecture-room at the London School of Economics was an amazing sight. It contained representatives of almost every race and nationality, and all who frequented it had the joy of working with a professor who, so far from preaching dogma or trying to impose any notions of his own, was inculcating the virtue of serious thought, and inviting them to join with him in the finest game known among men. As a lecturer he was, until his closing years, unsurpassed. He was always thoroughly prepared, and if he had more notes than the European or American student is accustomed to, he used them easily, and they did not in any way impair the spontaneity of his utterance. He gave pains to the structure of his address, and his range and aptness of illustration were astonishing. There was nothing of academic remoteness about Graham Wallas. The news of the day was meat and drink to him. He made the thorough reading of the London *Times* the first duty of the morning, and hence you could never catch him out in any reference to current events. And let me not forget the cardinal matter of language. Graham Wallas spoke the English of the best Victorian tradition, with no affectation of either don or cleric, and with an athletic enunciation that was appreciated by every student from overseas.

All modern history was alive in his hands; and alive also were the political institutions with whose origins and development he was concerned. Professor Alfred Zimmern is the author of an oft-quoted saying which does something less than justice to an eminent partnership: "Sidney and Beatrice Webb are interested in county councils; Graham Wallas is interested in county councilors." A political or social institution was to Graham Wallas the collective expression of the traditions, the temperaments, the will, and instinct of the people making up the community. I often found cause to regret that he had never sat in Parliament. He alone of the original Fabian group, I think, should have known the House of Commons from within. It would have added a capital province to his world of knowledge and experience. As it was, his direct touch with administration, and the working of representative government, was limited to London and the sphere of education; but of that he made the very most. He was the first in England to lay emphasis upon the facts of social growth and economic expansion as proving, in the modern world an enlarging need of definite social and political invention. "Every spirit makes its house, but afterwards the house confines the spirit." The truth thus neatly stated by Emerson was applied by Graham Wallas to the life of the nation, and of the Great Society, whose scope and implications he illuminated throughout his forty fruitful years of activity as teacher and author, counselor and public servant.

He wrote his books with the aid of his lectures, working over the material again and again after discussion in class and eager talk with his friends. His primary motive throughout was the one avowed in an early preface—to improve the thought processes of a working thinker. He was a man of overflowing expressiveness, in private and on the platform, and yet we have to think of him as a frugal and, perhaps, an over-careful writer. His first book, the "Life of Francis Place," did not appear until he was forty years old. He was fifty when he delighted the general reader, and disturbed the political theorists, by publishing "Human Nature in Politics," which I take to be on the whole the most characteristic expression of his mind. He was proud of the world-wide recognition which had come to him on account of the "Life of Francis Place," a piece of work which did pioneer service in at least two directions. It revealed the career and methods of the first English democratic organizer, and it opened new roads in industrial and social history. Wallas himself, if I am not mistaken, looked upon "The Great Society" as his most important contribution. It was the most ambitious, and the most persuasive, exposition by an English working thinker (to use its author's own phrase) of the vast social process which, a quarter of a century ago, gave promise of an orderly and pacific shaping of Western civilization. It appeared on the eve of the war, and in more than one chapter the author disclosed his own deep sense of the impending European calamity.

So much, in this too brief summary, of the public man, concerning whom there is a great deal more to be said. But everyone who enjoyed the privilege of friendship with Graham Wallas would wish to pay special tribute to the man himself, to his unique character and ways. He was known to a remarkable number of people all over the world, and for any one of them to come within range of his voice was to be assured of a welcome. His days were carefully and intelligently ordered, so that he seemed to have time for everything, including the reading of the significant books of the year. His immediate circle included many persons of rare gifts and accomplishment; and his house on Highgate

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Hill, and latterly in Chelsea, attracted a continuous stream of men and women, particularly young Americans, who often came for guidance in work to which they had been stimulated by a chance word in a lecture or by some page of his writing. And how richly were they repaid, no less by the lovely atmosphere of the home than by the wise and joyous talk of Graham Wallas! There is no one to fill his place. And as we think of him now we realize that there is no one among us who has ever known a finer citizen, a happier man, a more serene and enlightened spirit.

In the Driftway

HITCH-HIKING, like rugged individualism, gave scope in the beginning to rather admirable human qualities. Giving a man a lift is an experience that expands the human sympathies of both participants, so much so that a good Marxian would be justified in frowning a Marxian frown upon it and denouncing it as a sop to the walkers. But quite aside from the mutual faith it bespeaks, it has a cultural value well worth preserving. It gives continuity to the tradition of good-fellowship among travelers; and an automobile journey from San Francisco to New York or from Chicago to New Orleans, with a different hitch-hiker in every State, might be quite as rich in tales as Chaucer's classic journey from Southwark to Canterbury.

* * * * *

IT is extremely regrettable that such an innocent pursuit has been so completely taken over as a device for burglary that States feel forced to pass laws against it and motorists speed up in terror, instead of slowing down in friendliness, whenever a hiker motions for a ride. A lonely pedestrian on a country road is no longer a weary ploughman who on being invited to ride will pay his way in homely country epigrams. He is, instead, a gangster from Chicago. who is expert himself at taking people for a ride.

* * * * *

BUT if hitch-hiking has not given rise to tales as innocently amusing as those of the Friar and of the red-stockinged Wife of Bath, it has produced a brand of story less civilized but quite as amusing in its own sinister way. The Drifter has only recently heard a new one which concerns a man in a fine new Packard and two boy scouts. The boy scouts, packing camp equipment complete to the last detail, from leggings to a knife for cutting through underbrush in a hypothetical jungle, asked for a ride. The man in the Packard stopped graciously and invited them in. There followed enthusiastic conversation in which the boy scouts displayed a vast knowledge of wood's lore. They knew how to build a fire without matches. They were perfectly versed in what to do with a comrade who had almost drowned. They had been thoroughly coached in the procedure to be followed if on any occasion they should get lost in the Rocky, White, or Catskill Mountains. It was not until their host had carried them some thirty-five miles that they displayed another sort of knowledge. At a lonely point in the road one of them produced a gun and ordered the man out of his new car. And the two boy scouts drove off never to return.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

What Is a Wasted Vote?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Hicks, in your issue of August 24, says all of the energy expended on Mr. Thomas's behalf "will be wasted in so far as immediate practical results are concerned." Well, how about the energy expended to elect Roosevelt or reelect Hoover? If Mr. Hicks considers one of those results a fine thing, he does well to work for it. If those results are not worth while, then energy expended on them is wasted even if successful.

If 3,000,000 drys disgusted with the wetness of both parties should vote for Upshaw, and 3,000,000 radicals disgusted with the conservatism of both parties should vote for Thomas, they would begin to receive from the party managers such consideration as they will never get so long as the managers believe that a dry will support a wet party against another wet party, and a radical will support a conservative party against another conservative party. If all the disgusted drys (not counting the undisgusted) voted for Upshaw they might elect him this year against the split wets. If all the disgusted radicals voted for Thomas they might drive the conservatives at once to gather in one party against them.

The habit of thinking that one must vote either Republican or Democratic has given us the present state of American politics. That habit should be kept up by those who like the present state of politics—and by no others.

Ballard Vale, Mass., August 24 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Lowes Dickinson

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The death of G. Lowes Dickinson is a terrible loss to all his friends. He was a man to whom one could talk *du coeur sans hésitation,* to whom one's thoughts always meant something—a soul of deep laughter and understanding, a most gallant pessimist whose pessimism sprang from a deep real faith. His qualities were exquisite, yet so simple in their realness—his angers so near to pity, his joys as full of giving as of taking. Friendship with him was a rich experience. His spirit will be sadly missed.

London, August 4 H. N.

Take the Profit out of Liquor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The discussion of prohibition has been prolix and repetitious. The Atlanta *Constitution* uttered a generalization recently that is apropos: "We're fed up on reading about so many national questions. What we want now is some of the answers."

Everyone knows most of the arguments advanced by both sides in the discussion of the liquor traffic, and has long since ceased to be interested in restatements of obvious conditions and facts. Most people would like to read about a plan or method proposed to eliminate or, failing that, to ameliorate the evils of the traffic in alcoholic liquors. That is the reason the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted. The traffic in alcoholic liquors is the problem that must be solved sometime. It could have been solved any time before national prohibition, so-

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called, went into effect by abrogating all liquor statutes and excises. It can be solved now but not in the same way. Congress has the power now to take the profit out of the traffic in alcoholic liquors, and narcotic drugs as well. The Eighteenth Amendment need not deter Congress if the members really want to put an end to the traffic that constitutes the overshadowing problem of our time.

Why spend reading space and valuable time discussing resubmission? Nearly everyone feels quite confident that the Eighteenth Amendment cannot be repealed now or in the near future. A much wiser plan and procedure would be to do the best possible with what we now have and stop reaching for the impossible.

Aberdeen, S. D., August 7 CHARLES J. LAVERY

Service Should Be Recognized

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An editorial in your issue of June 20 cites the legal victory won in Maryland by the International Labor Defense in obtaining a new trial for Euel Lee, Negro, because Negroes were barred from the jury which tried him for murder.

In your comment you state that the International Labor Defense "fought the Lee case through without help from other organizations." This comment overlooks the service rendered by the Maryland Civil Liberties Committee which participated, not in the appeal, but in obtaining the change of venue from the east shore where Lee and his attorney were threatened with mob violence. Without minimizing the victory won by the I. L. D. in getting a reversal of the conviction, in fairness to our Maryland friends this service should be recognized.

New York, July 19 ROGER N. BALDWIN

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Who and Whom

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of August 17, the Drifter quotes the following sentence from Roger W. Babson: "Surely these things are not the fault of him whom [sic] you are hoping will employ you." Personally, I enjoy the grammar-mindedness of *The Nation,* and really take a sort of fiendish delight in reading your comments on Dr. Hoover's ungrammatical platitudes. But on this particular point of grammar there is some considerable difference of scholarly opinion as to the incorrectness of *whom* in this relative function.

Professor Otto Jespersen in the ninth chapter, Various Kinds of Nexus, of his fascinating book, "Philosophy of Grammar," presents a remarkably informing discussion of this language phenomenon. In the terminology of Professor Jespersen, to mention just one argument, Mr. Babson's "him *whom* you are hoping will employ you" offers a peculiar compound relative clause, in which we should not say that *whom* in itself is the object of "are hoping," but rather that the object is the whole nexus whose primary is *whom* (which we put in the accusative case because the nexus is independent) and whose adnex is the finite combination "will employ you." One uses *whom* because in *who you are hoping* the "speech instinct would be bewildered by the contiguity of two nominatives, as it were two subjects in the same clause." Professor Jespersen points out that, though this use of the accusative form is considered a gross error, it is well justified on the basis of reputable usage, any number of the best authors using, or having used, this form.

Savanah, Ga., August 18 MARC MARION MORELAND

Upton Sinclair and Prosperity

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Upton Sinclair, in replying to my article, Has the Crisis Run Its Course? has this to say:

> We can produce as much or more of every metal; as much or more electric power; we have as many railroads and car factories, automobile and truck factories, cement plants, cotton mills, coal mines—everything, all the way down the line as in 1929.

From this he concludes that "there is no possibility of running them at more than half time; so we are in for a long period of chronic depression."

This attitude represents the basic error which arises from a long period of depression and from a long period of prosperity: that something has fundamentally changed the world and that we are in a "new era." These same plants ran at a capacity from 1926 through 1929 and I know of no reason to accept the idea that consuming capacity of the world has been permanently cut in half. A more glaring misconception is the implication that the only measure of prosperity is the ability of producers to profiteer at the expense of consumers because of a possible shortage in supply of goods. That is the kind of boom we had in 1919, but it is not a true measure of prosperity. The true measure of prosperity is the ability of the average individual to command a better and more pleasant standard of living. If we should have Mr. Sinclair's method of gaining "prosperity"—that is, if we should in some way wipe out half of our productive capacity—the result would be fantastically speculative profits for the owners of the remaining instruments of production, but it would not be true prosperity.

New York, July 29 RAY VANCE

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Books and Films

Stone Face

By LOLA RIDGE

They have carved you into a stone face, Tom Mooney,
You, there lifted high in California
Over the salt wash of the Pacific,
And your eyes . . . crying in many tongues,
Goading, innumerable
Eyes of the multitudes,
Holding in them all hopes, fears, persecutions . . .
Forever straining one way.
Even in the Sunday papers,
In your face, tight-bitten, like a pierced fist,
The eyes have a transfixed gleam
As they had glimpsed some vision and there hung
Impaled as on a bright lance.

Too much lip-foam has dripped on you, too many
And disparate signatures are scrawled under your crag face
that all
Have set some finger on, to say who made you for the years
To mouth as waves mouth rock—you, a fighting grain
Cast up out of the dark Mass, terribly
Gestating, swarming without feature,
And raised with torsion to identity.

Now they—who wrote you plain, with Sacco and the fish-
monger and Ella
Wiggins, on the scroll of the Republic—
Look up with a muddled irritation at your mass face—
It set up in full sight under the long
Gaze of the generations, to be there,
Haggard in the sunrise, when San Quentin
Prison shall be caved in and its steel ribs
Food for the ant rust . . . and Governor Rolph
A fleck of dust among the archives.

Voltaire

Voltaire. By André Maurois. Translated from the French by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

M. MAUROIS'S "Voltaire" is less than 30,000 words long. Ever since the appearance of Strachey's "Eminent Victorians," in which each of the four subjects chosen was assigned an average of about 26,000 words, this has seemed to me an excellent length for a biography. A work of this small scope, in reasonably competent hands, is unlikely to be stuffed and cluttered. In composing it the biographer is compelled to become selective. Great original research, the unearthing of new evidence and new documents, are hardly expected of him; he is forgiven if he has confined himself to secondary sources. Unlikely, in such a work, to be praised for his industry, he is obliged to seek praise for his art. If the writer of a long "standard" biography has after great effort uncovered a new fact about his subject, it is almost too much to expect of human nature that he shall omit any mention of it, even if it throws no fresh light on his subject's character, or even if the light it does throw is not commensurate with the space it occupies. The writer of the short biography, however, is privileged to draw upon the work of his predecessors; to confine himself to what is most interesting and most revelatory; to skim off the slag and keep only the refined gold, and to work it into a new and more attractive form. With other things equal, therefore, the short biography is likely to be much more readable than the long one.

All this is said not in disparagement of long biographies, which for first-rate figures are indispensable, but in defense of short ones. The short biography has been deplorably neglected, particularly the biography of the present intermediate scale. This is less the fault of writers than of publishers, so many of whom are addicted to the superstition of the "full-length book," i. e., the book of 60,000 words or more. The house of Appleton, therefore, is all the more to be congratulated upon its enterprise in initiating a series of short biographies by competent writers. Three of these have now made their appearance: "Julius Caesar," by John Buchan; "Lenin," by James Maxton; and M. Maurois's "Voltaire."

Given simple straightforwardness, it would seem impossible to write a really dull life of Voltaire. He was the most illustrious writer of an illustrious century. He wrote everything —couplets, epics, tragedies, histories, philosophy, science, satirical romances, diatribes, and blistering pamphlets. Not content with his enormous literary prestige, the greatest that has ever come in his own lifetime to any man of letters, he wished to be a man of action. He corresponded with kings and empresses, and finally dealt with them as equals. His complex and mercurial character was certain to make his life an eventful and a fascinating one: it is a series of comedies, farces, tragedies, as full of event, intrigue, and counter-intrigue, as rapid in its pace and as unexpected in its turns as one of his own romances. And over each event, turn, and encounter of his career he scattered a shower of sparkling epigrams. The task of Voltaire's biographers is almost too easy: they need merely walk behind, like street cleaners, and pick up at random: whatever they pass on to us is almost sure to be at least amusing.

M. Maurois, of course, is considerably more than competent, and he has composed the present volume with excellent sense. He has not made the slightest attempt to fictionize at any point: that would have been too obviously painting the lily. As a result this little work has an advantage over some of the author's earlier biographies on a more pretentious scale. Better still, perhaps, M. Maurois has not strained after cleverness: he had too much cleverness to record to make that attempt either necessary or desirable. He begins simply, therefore, almost prosaically—and one is tempted to say to oneself at first that this is all very well, but that it is too bad this little work could not have been written by the late Lytton Strachey. But gradually one finds M. Maurois's narrative taking on a quiet glow, which reaches its highest point in the penultimate chapter, with its account of his hero's final triumphal return to Paris. The final judgment of Voltaire's character is not particularly fresh or brilliant, but it is comprehensive and just:

> He was complex. . . . He was generous and miserly, frank and untruthful, cowardly and brave. He had the fear of blows which is natural to human beings, but all his life long he flung himself into affairs where he could receive blows. . . . He had always great difficulty in resisting the bait of a profitable deal, but still more in abstaining from a dangerous act of beneficence. . . .
>
> Why, amongst all the eighteenth-century philosophers, does this quite unphilosophical man stand out as the greatest? Perhaps it is because that century, at once bourgeois and gentlemanly, universal and frivolous, scientific and fashionable, European and dominantly French, was most fully reflected in the person of Voltaire, who was in himself all of these things.

HENRY HAZLITT

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The Way of All Churches

The New Church in the New World: A Study of Swedenborgianism in America. By Marguerite Block. Henry Holt and Company. $3.75.

MISS Block's book is not the conventional history of a sect, written by and for the faithful. It is a scholarly though sympathetic account, composed with a certain detachment and addressed to the general cultured reader. It is doubtful, however, if the general reader will be specifically interested in the internal development of this small sect, whose cultural importance in American life, while indeed "out of all proportion to its size," is in an absolute sense slight. The real value of Miss Block's book is for any one who is interested in meditating the whole problem of institutional anthropomorphic religion in a modern secular and scientific age. For such a person the book provides an individual case study which is all the more clear-cut because the church is small, and which has other points of special interest owing to the peculiar doctrines of the founder.

The historical significance of Swedenborg's doctrines and of the church which was founded in his name can be grasped only by keeping in mind the two great forces unleashed in modern life—the trends emanating from the Protestant Reformation on the one hand and from the birth and growth of physical science on the other. The Protestant Reformation, by breaking up the spiritual imperialism of the Catholic Church and enhancing the power of the secular state, dealt a death blow to all ecclesiastical organization of the religious sentiment. On the other hand, the growth of science doomed on the intellectual and individual plane the particular form of religious sentiment which had made possible the institutional organization of religion in the form of a visible, political church. But deep-rooted institutions and sentiments die hard even when doomed. From the seventeenth century onward we witness a long succession of religious reform movements which sought to bring back the lost vitality of the church and revivify the flavor of the traditional faith—and which confirmed the evidences of decay by their very efforts. Every reformer mourned the decreasing power of the church in daily life, and ended up by bringing one more sect into existence, thereby making the power of organized religion still less. Every fundamentalist, dismayed by the progress of scientific rationalism, shouted "Credo quia absurdum," thereby confirming the intellectual untenability of the traditional beliefs.

Swedenborg, the son of a Swedish bishop, was brought up at the close of the seventeenth century on a mentality of Biblical times, communing with angels as a child and becoming an accomplished theologian before he was twelve. After a long and remarkable career in science, a career that only accentuated his passionate longing to justify his childhood faith to a skeptical age, he developed a theosophical system based on direct conversation with angels and personal journeys in the realm of the spirits. In this system he expounded among other things the "inner sense" of the various books of the Holy Scriptures, thus setting himself up in the characteristically Protestant position of individualistic ecclesiasticism, of a believer in the Christian church and revelation who regards all other believers as false believers. On the other hand he appealed to the starved religious sentiment of the semi-intellectual classes by giving them an erudite system of cosmology with a set of detailed correspondences between the things of the visible world and the things in which they wanted to believe in a world beyond. His description of the states of heaven and hell is truly naturalistic in its supernaturalism. He thus gave a pseudo-scientific and learned *cachet* for conceptions that anthropologists can now trace back to the superstitious lore of Babylonia and of Persia.

It is on such foundations that the American New Church developed. Despite the idiosyncracies and vagaries of Swedenborg's doctrine, its history is strikingly like that of other churches. For all of Swedenborg's emphasis on the "invisible church" and the "grand man," visible church majorities were required to decide which was the true interpretation of Swedenborg who gave the true interpretation of Scripture, and there are today two bitterly opposed sub-sects of the Swedenborgian sect. And while the men who had gathered in a church to reform the world spent their time on doctrinal controversies, the social issues passed them by. On these questions the church—like all other churches—either advertised a policy of neutrality or else rationalized on theological grounds the beliefs that particular groups of members had adopted on economic or political grounds. Thus one found Swedenborgian justifications of Negro slavery as one found Episcopalian or Presbyterian justifications. In recent times one of the branches of the New Church, following the trend of the times, came out for the "social gospel," disowning, however, socialism or any other concrete program of reform.

Miss Block sums up the New Church's "unique contribution" in its "technique for discovering hidden meanings." Doubtless this concentration on hidden meanings serves to keep its members from recognizing the plain handwriting on the wall, that the day of the churches is over.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

George Eliot at Home

The Life of George Eliot. By Emilie and Georges Romieu. Translated from the French by Brian W. Downs. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.75.

PERHAPS the best portrait of George Eliot that has come down to us was sketched by Henry James. It pretended to be no more than a dim likeness; a faded daguerreotype of a great lady fished from a forgotten pocket of a frock coat worn in James's youth, a considerably mellowed and tarnished recollection. Yet the outlines remain extraordinarily clear; there is no mistaking her nor Mr. Lewes. One afternoon James called at the great lady's home and waited nervously in the large darkened parlor-drawing room. George Eliot entered, and one felt the heavy equine features of the huge face: it was not necessary to see them at all; the deep, evasive, noncommittal voice was quite enough. Some time before the visit James had sent the great lady a packet of books (his own early work) to read, and he was waiting for a comment. Candles were brought, and the darkness seemed even more oppressive; minutes went by like years; possibly James felt his thin hair turning gray—and still nothing of any importance was said. It was an impossible meeting. The Eliots, or rather, the Leweses, were quite as uneasy as James himself; there was no breaking through the Chinese wall of shyness, Victorian dignity, and the sense of outraged interruption of a great masterpiece possibly in progress that very afternoon.

Finally James steered himself (one supposes that he walked slowly backward) out the front door, then halted timidly to inquire of Mr. Lewes whether George Eliot received the books, and did she read them? At this bold question Mr. Lewes became slightly hysterical and was suddenly galvanized into action. He tore back into the house and returned, books in hand, and thrust them at the trembling author. "Take them away," he said, "take them away."

Out of this slight incident the entire framework of George Eliot's personality may be reconstructed. The wounded ego, cloaked with dignity, the slow, cumulative mind, overworked

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and driven forward by superhuman energy, the yearning for social recognition that never came, the worship of middle-class respectability—are all suggested in James's sketch. At the time James met her she must have been well past middle age; she had won her fame and a comfortable fortune in the bank at the cost of thirty years' hard work: translation, reviews, and at last fiction—written at a pace that would have killed the average writer in a period of ten years at most.

And in one sense her novels reflect something of the pressure brought to bear upon her serious, heavy, unyielding mind. They are filled with bourgeois gloom and a Victorian fatalism that had become a substitute for established religion, for George Eliot had rejected what were to her the frivolous trappings of the church, and clung desperately to a vague yet terrifying concept of an Omnipotent Being. Fate and an almost indescribable weakness at the very core of humanity took care of the rest. It remained for Thomas Hardy to complete the picture, to give rural English society the final impress of tragedy, the aftermath of a long-drawn-out industrial revolution, a tragedy beyond the reach of George Eliot's pathos or imagination.

The present biography of George Eliot is a curiously entertaining book, a flagrantly novelized version of her life that follows a pattern already molded by André Maurois's "Ariel" and "Byron." The point of view concerning its subject seems to arise out of a vast misunderstanding of English character and English letters, yet this very misunderstanding does succeed in throwing new light upon the principal actors in the play, Marian Evans and her illegitimate husband, George Henry Lewes. The two figures are made to appear completely isolated from the rest of the world, which in a literal sense they were, but they are reconstructed in a wholly fantastic background. An example of the way the Romieus allow their imagination free rein is their explanation of Marian Evans's choice of a *nom de plume*:

> "Eliot" is obviously derived from Evans—the same number of letters, the same initial, the same general look, but rather more youthful, more smart and alert. "Eliot" gives, somehow, the idea of wings, of lofty peaks and of sunlight.

No doubt the name "Eliot" is exotic to French ears, and in a full tide of rhapsody the Romieus take advantage of the occasion. The rapturous, incredible conversations between Marian Evans and her father, between Lewes and George Eliot, are a delight, a kind of eloquence seldom seen or heard outside the old ten-twenty-thirty melodrama theaters. Yet in the progress of this burlesque excitement, chatter, and enthusiasm, an interesting accident occurs, an accident, I believe, quite unforeseen by either of the intrepid authors. Suddenly they grow weary of their noble heroine who defied society by living with a married man, George Lewes. They find Lewes nervous, erratic, strained to the breaking-point, author of a monumental life of Goethe, husband of a wife abducted by Leigh Hunt's son, far more interesting than the great lady at his side. Lewes becomes the hero and a martyr, a victim of George Eliot's domestic selfishness. One feels that in this last stroke of intuition the Romieus have somehow divined an accurate picture of the relationship between the two strange figures who by great labor and well-directed strategy climbed from an underworld of hack-writing into literary prominence. Fully half the credit of George Eliot's success belongs to Lewes; it was his encouragement, his drive, his gift for gaining the attention of publishers and utilizing a genius for publicity, that gave George Eliot her initial position. Her marriage to Cross after Lewes's death was a last gesture toward the social recognition that had been her goal for thirty-five years. She was then an old woman, comparatively wealthy and secure, yet she needed further security, and could find peace only in the arms of a young man who represented the prestige of English upper-middle-class tradition.

HORACE GREGORY

Myth, Fact, and Poetry of Soviet Russia

Bolshevism: Theory and Practice. By Waldemar Gurian. Translated from the German by E. I. Watkin. The Macmillan Company. $3.

The Soviet Worker. By Joseph Freeman. Liveright. $2.50.

Dawn in Russia. By Waldo Frank. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.25.

Bolshevism, Fascism, and Capitalism. By George S. Counts, Luigi Villari, Malcolm C. Rorty, and Newton D. Baker. Yale University Press. $2.50.

FEW books on Russia have attempted to evaluate the theory and practice of bolshevism from the standpoint of Roman Catholicism. Hostile critics of communism profess to have found disturbing similarities in the organizational structure of the church and the Communist Party. They point not only to the emphasis in both ideologies upon the salvation of man as the goal of all activity, but to the common use of indoctrination as a means to that end. Yet the Roman Catholic church still regards bolshevism as its most dangerous enemy—so dangerous that, as Dr. Gurian's book shows, it has paid it the compliment of advancing from denunciation of its practices to an analysis of its theory. The trouble with Gurian's analysis is that it takes the Catholic position on the nature of man and the universe so completely for granted that his criticism of communism really proves no more than that Communists are not Catholics. "The church's sole concern in combating bolshevism," he writes, "is to secure for man the possibility of developing in accordance with his true nature." When we examine this ingratiatingly liberal sentence, we discover that for Gurian the "true nature" of man is such that "he can never produce a self-sufficient society." The fundamental defect, then, of communism is that it believes that human beings can control their own social and personal life without supernatural sanctions, and that, as a practical corollary, it is unnecessary to pay toll to a religious organization for the bad luck of being born and the privilege of being buried. Behind his theoretical discussion one senses Gurian's furious hatred of the Soviet attitude toward sex and church property. It is the concrete measures which communism threatens to adopt to drive organized religion from public life—and not concern with the soul of man—which leads the writer to admit that "the church is ranged on the side of the bourgeois society in the struggle against bolshevism."

The utterly illogical character of Gurian's criticism, even in his own terms, is revealed in the readiness with which he abandons his position to score against communism. His chief point against communism is the inadequate and unethical character of its end—social control of the productive process in the interest of man here and now. But he never misses an opportunity to criticize it for not succeeding in its end. It is like condemning a man for murder and then tacking on an additional charge that he was inefficient in carrying it out. So eager is Dr. Gurian to seize any stick to beat the dog that even his "objective" summaries of the accomplishments of the Soviet Union are extremely unreliable.

One point which demands consideration is suggested by Gurian's constant harping upon the suffering entailed by the Bolshevik attempt to revolutionize the social order. To be sure, one must judge a project by its costs. (How Gurian squares this principle with orthodox Catholicism is his own concern.) But to judge anything *only* by its costs is to condemn everything ever undertaken and carried to completion in this imperfect world. Hardly a single major good has come down from the past, from the discovery of fire and speech to the latest

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developments of scientific technique, for which human beings have not paid a price in suffering and death. Even the "blessings" of the church, Mr. Gurian would admit, have not been without their costs. Logic demands that before we reject a proposal because of its cost, we consider the cost of rejecting it for any of the available alternatives. Nowhere does the author meet the Communist contention that the costs of social revolution are far less than the chronic evils of poverty, unemployment, and war, which are immanent in capitalism. The only possible way to meet this argument would be either to assert, in the face of the twenty million dead and wounded in the last war, that social revolution is still more costly; or to demonstrate that poverty, war, and unemployment are not inherent in a capitalistic order, which no one so far has done with plausibility. Dr. Gurian refuses to join issue on the basic questions. He does not satisfy even as a Jesuit.

Joseph Freeman's "The Soviet Worker" is as candid in its sympathy for Russia as Gurian's book is artful in its antipathy. None the less it has a better right to be regarded as an "encyclopedia" of Russian theory and practice than Gurian's volume. For those who wish to have a critical solvent to test all reports, descriptions, and exposés of Russian life—especially on the status of the worker—Freeman's book is invaluable. Relying almost exclusively upon official documents and statistical tables, the author presents a striking picture of the economic and cultural achievements of the Russian worker since the revolution. He makes no exaggerated claims about the present level of the worker's material welfare, but the dramatic quality of Russia's advance emerges out of the matter-of-fact contrast drawn between the worker's lot in Czarist Russia and Russia today. For all its sober style and heavy documentation, it is really an exciting book. In chronicling the accomplishments of Russian industry, in interpreting the succession of annual objectives, and in describing both the structure of workers' organizations and the character of social legislation, Freeman has written, apparently without intending it, an excellent economic history of the Russian revolution. Judicious quotation enables him to weave into his account a considerable amount of theoretical exposition so that the reader always has a vantage point from which he can evaluate the significance of the facts and figures recorded. An impressive mastery of calendar detail is combined with a keen consciousness of long-time trends and tendencies. In one or two places, absolute figures should have been given along with the percentage rates of increase, because in starting from scratch—or near scratch—every country, up to a certain point, accelerates its *rates* of increase. Accelerations in rate of increase tell us of the past and the probable future, but only when the absolute figures are added can we form an adequate picture of the present.

It is often the case that those who are strongest in their denunciation of the Russian materialist philosophy are themselves peculiarly insensitive to the evidence of things unseen in Russian life today. Yet ultimately communism must be judged not merely by the material standard of life it is able to attain but by the character of the personalities it produces, the nature of its ideals and incentives, and the quality and spirit of its daily experience. Waldo Frank's strong intuitive vision renders him particularly qualified to recognize the promise of Russian life. His "Dawn in Russia" does not gloze over the difficulties and evils of the present but it sweeps them up in a poetic perspective of which Frank's own temperament is the most important axis. It is to be expected that such an impressionistic account should contain as much about Waldo Frank as about Soviet Russia. Nevertheless the objectification of Frank's own emotions is not experienced as a distortion of what he sees. Like Russia to Frank, the book itself invites an intuitive reaction on the part of the reader. Inaccuracies of statement and observation seem unimportant because Frank is not talking about what can be measured but about what he has felt. Although the mystical idealism which underlies his holiday descriptions are foreign to my temperament, I can testify, using my own Russian experience as a kind of control, to the power and fidelity with which he has communicated the qualities of the different Russian cities and groups—their ideas, feelings, and crowd behavior. Something, however, is lacking. At times false notes suggest that Frank is whipping up his own enthusiasm. He has more completely accepted the Russian Revolution with his heart than with his mind. His criticism of the theory of dialectical materialism is based on a misunderstanding, the crassest expression of which is the statement that *materialism* and *dialectic* are contradictory terms. All in all, however, this is a book which should be read by those who are interested in Russia or in Waldo Frank.

The symposium on "Bolshevism, Fascism and Capitalism," contains a competent article by Counts on communism and an interesting description of the fascist economic theory and practice by Villari. A close reading of both is recommended to those who, on the basis of some similarity in external political form, lump both systems together. SIDNEY HOOK

Shorter Notices

Boyhood and Youth. By Hans Carossa. Translated from the German by Agnes Neill Scott. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. $2.

Every autobiographer apologizes in some manner for the effrontery of writing about himself. Carossa's apology is a subtle one. His reactions are pitched upon so rarefied a plane of sensibility that the reader is expected to feel that a man so exquisitely sensitive owes it to the world as a duty to record himself. This sensitiveness, however, has too many slips into affectation and sentimentality. The boyhood is too neat and polished a reconstruction to be plausible. The book is full of pretty writing and, in spite of occasional flashes, second-rate.

The Sea Tyrant. By Peter Freuchen. Translated from the Danish by Edwin Bjorkman. Horace Liveright. $2.

The by-products of this novel are more interesting than the main product. As in Freuchen's previous and better book, "Eskimo," the accounts of the life of the Eskimos and of their relations with the crews of whaling vessels are excellent and convincing. The sea tyrant himself, Captain Danco Kellar who is driven to insane lengths of cruelty by the heartlessness of his trivial-minded wife, is not made credible in the over-robust characterization; and the ending becomes, by its excess of tragedy, absurd.

Poems of Francis Thompson. Edited by Reverend Terence L. Connolly. The Century Company. $3.

Francis Thompson's poems afford some difficulty for two reasons: their mysticism is Catholic and springs from a profound knowledge of Catholic ritualism; their imagery is complex and springs, for the most part, from the highly romantic and sensuous feeling which characterized the poet's approach to all that he saw and felt. Had he been entirely Catholic, his poetry would have been more austere, more thoughtful. But he arrived at every conclusion through his emotions; he was passionately aware of the senses and their luster; he could not deny the flesh; it was the source, much of the time, of his deepest impressions. The Dread of the Heights, in some ways the keynote poem of his volume, indicates how constantly he knew that once he had touched the center of the mystic experience, he must drop from that moment of conviction to the depth of despair at losing it. He was a "spoiled priest" and he never

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lost his heart-break over his failure. But that very heart-break and his own sensuousness are what make his poetry great. He had nothing of Blake's "terrifying simplicity" of vision, nothing of the intellectual certainty of certain other Catholic mystics. He was as intensely aware of the physical world as Shelley or Keats, but the physical world gave him no confirmation, no sense of an Ultimate by which he could live. From it he drew his abundant, sometimes almost over-ripe imagery, but his God was no Pantheistic deity, or sense of deity, but the God taught by the church. And his greatest poems are those in which somehow he arrived at the certainty of this idea of God.

As It Looks to Young China. Edited by William Hung. New York: Friendship Press. $1.

This book is divided into seven chapters: Setting Confucius Aside by the editor who is a professor of history at Yenching University, Peiping; The Family by Timothy Tingfang Lew, professor of psychology; The School by K. Ma, professor of literature; The Vocation by James S. Chuan, manager of a Peiping bank; The Nation by J. F. Li, professor of religion; The World by Y. Y. Tsu, a director of social work; and The Church by T. C. Chao, dean of a school of religion. All are Chinese Christians, but had that information not been given by the editor it would not have been given away in the text, so admirably objective is the treatment throughout. It is a valuable little book, in good, clear English. It is heartily recommended to all who are interested in the situation that faces young men living in a civilization that is completely transforming itself and in which, whether they choose it or not, they must play a major role.

Weep No More. By Ward Greene. Harrison Smith. $2.50.

Although Mr. Greene attempts to give this novel about life in a Southern city all the airs of a social document, its ranking will not be high as a picture of social or moral conditions under the shifting economic structure of the new South. The novel is nothing more than another chronicle of the drinking and sexual habits of the rich, dotted with comments from another goateed Colonel which tend to prove, if anything, that dissolute and aimless people were as tiresome in the old South as in the new. As a matter of fact, there is nothing particularly Southern about the characters, except that they call each other "Honey" and drink corn liquor instead of gin.

Recollections of the Past Ten Years. By Timothy Flint. Edited with an introduction by C. Hartley Grattan. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

This is the sixth volume in a series of reprints called "Americana Deserta," and very welcome it is, since Timothy Flint's honest and charming account of Middle America a century or more ago has been difficult to obtain. It should be read by anyone who wants to know what it felt like to float down the Ohio in a flatboat shortly after the year 1800; or who is interested in a veracious report of American frontier manners. Mr. Grattan has contributed a sketch of Flint's life as well as an appraisal of him as missionary and social critic.

Israel. By Adolphe Lods. Translated from the French by S. H. Hooke. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

The book begins long before the appearance of the Israelites, with a detailed study of the historical and topographical setting upon which the nation was soon to project itself; then gives an account of the people and civilization of Canaan, before its conquest by Israel, to indicate the racial and cultural merger that was to be effected; then takes up the history of the tribes before the settlement in Canaan; following with its historical career and the development of its religion and culture up to the eighth century when the Assyrian invasions began. The treatment is scholarly throughout. Literary values, like narrative continuity, are readily sacrificed in intertextual discussions of documents, interpretation, archaeological evidence. The writer's style, however, is clear and concise, and manages in spite of the long scholarly ritual that precedes admissions of each fact, to present a great amount of information. It is one of the more readable volumes in The History of Civilization Series.

Films

Three Premature Births

IF the young ladies who go to the movies do not know yet all about the glory of romance and its frequent aftermath of disillusionment and misery in one week recently they had an opportunity for completing their education in the space of a few hours. Starting at the Rivoli Theater where a blissful prelude was being played out under the eloquent title of "Love Me Tonight," they might have gone next to the Hollywood Theater to learn of the painful consequences that follow such reckless conduct, as demonstrated in "Life Begins," which begins, of course, in a maternity hospital. Finally, they should have retraced their steps to visit the Mayfair Theater and let "Back Street" open their eyes to the miserable lot of a woman who chooses to be the mistress of a married man. If after taking this short course in the joys and sorrows of womanhood they found it not too absorbing. I should probably agree with them. But then this is the best that Hollywood

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can do for them in a single day, and as the French say, even the most beautiful girl cannot give more than she has.

As a mere male I must admit that I find but little in any of the three pictures mentioned that is not either flat and dull, or so overloaded with mawkish sentiment that it makes me feel distinctly uncomfortable. The dulness and flatness, I regret to say, are to be found in particularly irritating doses in "Love Me Tonight." Maurice Chevalier, who used to charm us with the roguishness of a young boy and the knowledgeable understanding of a man of the world that made him such a delightful screen lover, is revealed in this latest picture of his as a tired man who is trying his hardest to appear sprightly and irresistible. The lack of his usual verve and spontaneity is made particularly obvious in his songs, one and all of which seem painfully forced. Even more disappointing to me, because of the expectations aroused by his earlier work, is Rouben Mamoulian's performance as the director of the picture. In his first picture, "Applause," made when the talkies were still in their infancy, Mr. Mamoulian was daring and original. Above all, he showed a quality of imagination that knew how to bring the unfamiliar and the significant out of the welter of photographic impressions. In "Love Me Tonight," a musical comedy romance with a touch of wilful extravaganza, he either failed to find a subject after his own heart, or failed to discover in himself the power of imagination that would have made its hackneyed story pointed and interesting. Only once, and then merely by repeating himself, does he succeed in striking a note of convincing inventiveness. This is in the opening scene, showing the sleepy Paris awakening to its daily labors in a swelling symphony of miscellaneous noises. In the rest of the picture he either attempts comedy in the style of Lubitsch, without the latter's flair for the bizarre, or follows the treatment of music in "Sous les Toits de Paris" by laborious repetition of the same song by various characters quite regardless of its dramatic relevance to the story. After hearing about a dozen versions of The Son of a Gun Is Nothing But a Tailor, at least one of the spectators was on the point of using a less printable language.

Of the two other pictures, "Life Begins" has interesting material in so far as it describes the trials and tribulations of expectant mothers. It also has frequent flashes of genuine humor. But its dramatic theme is theatrically conceived, and its general sentiment is unbearably cloying. Flat, unconvincing, and mawkish is all that can be said of "Back Street."

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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S. K. RATCLIFFE is the well-known British publicist and lecturer.

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HORACE GREGORY, author of "Chelsea Rooming House," will have a new volume of verse published in the fall by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

SIDNEY HOOK is a member of the department of philosophy of Washington Square College, New York University.

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